

Gag story gets a gag request, succubus possessed boots gets put on by a guy or gal by mistake, their personalities fall in love/fuse. Shortly after or during that, their body gets (futa-)succubus-ified leaving them almost narcissistically horny for themselves, resulting in masturbation with auto-felatio and toy use. ~n6

Parisa grumbled as she came in through the glass door to the coffee shop. She walked right up to the front counter where a brunette girl in a loose fitting green apron was working. She looked at Parisa as she approached the front desk and groaned. "You're not supposed to come in while I'm working."

"I was busy later tonight," Parisa replied. Parisa was tall, pale as a ghost, and her hair was paler than that even. She lifted a tall coffee cup labeled *Cassandra* and took a big sip of it. "Peppermint? Seriously, people still order that?"

"Yes," The worker grumbled and retrieved it from Parisa. "They do, actually. Fine. You want them now?"

"Yeah, now would be preferable. I have a concert to go to."

"Really?" The worker went into the backroom of the coffee shop and returned with a black gym bag. "I thought you hated concerts?"

"I hate most concerts, but some of them are good," Parisa took it. "Anything I should know about them?"

"Don't wear them for one," she rolled her eyes.

"Tracy, I am going to wear them."

"Yeah, I know," Tracy groaned. "Two, we're even now, so stop asking me to get you magic items. Three if you hear a voice just don't talk with it. Do that and you'll be fine and everyone will find you more attractive and you'll feel more confident."

"I'm always confident," Parisa stuck her tongue out. She grabbed a different coffee cup and retreated out the door, just barely hearing Tracy *I know your email, I am BILLING you for those!* Parisa retreated back to her apartment and set her gym bag down on the bed.

She unzipped the top of the bag and looked down at the prize inside. Magic items were rare difficult things to get but there existed a few people who knew how to reliably find them and for those who had them they were essentially cheat code. Parisa was the sort of person who didn't believe life was fair, that everything was already stacked against you as soon as you were born so it only made sense to seek out everything you can in order to even the odds. Inside the gym bag was a pair of ornate high heels that emanated a strange and fantastic sensation of power, a sort of feeling that Parisa had become sensitive to.

With an excited demeanor she tore her old sneakers off and tossed them aside. She slowly pushed one of her feet against the opening of the shoe. Felt decent though she wasn't feeling any of the magical effects yet. Maybe the shoes were a bonded pair and she needed both on in order to reap the benefits? She lowered her foot into the other shoe as well.

As soon as both feet were pushed into their respective homes the shoes both suddenly snatched tight around her feet. She let out a gasp and went right to squeeze the shoe off.

"Not so fast!" A voice. "Careful trying to take me off, the process has already started!"

"The process?" Parisa grumbled. "What fucking process? You're just a magic item. Work normally."

"Oh, just a magic item? You must've been told wrong! I am so much more than that dear! I am a pair of parasitic succubus shoes. The last person to wear me was a queen of lust from a dark dimension so terrible it'd rip you to shreds!"

"Nah, that sounds pretty cool actually. Queen shoes, eh?" Parisa shrugged. "I guess beauty has a price tag, and it's whatever it is your doing to me."

"Not nervous, then?" The shoes beamed their voice into her. "Admirable! Normally mortals are such pushovers."

"You're telling me. I went to drink my coffee earlier today and someone put peppermint in it."

"Peppermint, really?"

"Some people have no taste~" Parisa moaned and fell back on to the bed. She watched as from the shoes a brilliant crimson tone spread across her skin. It marched up her legs as if from the knee down she had been dipped in candy. The skin had this fantastic sheen to it, the sort that models struggle and strive for years to get. She ran her hands over the surface of the skin and found herself quite enjoying the new sensations she was getting.

Comfort only rose. It was hard to keep her hands off herself and continuing to admire the new feelings. She touched and pinched at the newest part of her to turn red like firefighters chasing after furthest edge of the dry bush up in flames. Heat spread higher up past her knees. She was aware of this swelling warmth that swirled and went higher up her body than the red skin did first, but when it reached her crotch she was blasted with a sudden and extreme burst of pure unfiltered pleasure. Lust, wanton and screaming, enough to make a succubus queen's toes curl and make a dragon cum handsfree. Parisa frantically tossed as much of her clothes as she could aside right as she felt something pushing and bulging against her panties.

It craned forward, growing not with magic immediacy but with this steady biological inevitability. It was a throbbing broad and equine cock, pulsing and squirming and veiny and climbing higher and higher. Parisa found her hands glided right for it and began to squeeze and urge it on. Pre slobbered out of the wide and growing head as the red finally climbed up to her hips and painted her from the waist down in that perfect red sheen.

"I think I like you so far, mortal," The corruption spoke to her. "You're handling this well. I can see in your mind already, my magic has merged into you, and I like everything I see. You understand what it means to be a demon, to be someone who can take whatever it is they want. Most mortals waste their words, begging for things they aren't owed, but you get it. If you want something and it isn't yours—"

"Then you take it~" Parisa moaned.

The red reached her chest. In equal measure to how her lower body was mutated and grown, her chest now joined. Her bra snapped apart before she could reach her back to undo the strap. Each

breast grew and grew bursting forward with more and more girth and an increasingly satisfying weight and heft. To feel them pushing down on her chest... it was pure magic. The heavier they were the more her ego felt free to grow in unison. Of course she could be as mean as she wanted, haven't you noticed how hot she is? Haven't see that her tits are bigger than your head? Why haven't you *seen her yet?*!

"Hahahaha, fuck my thoughts are getting rancid~"

"That's because I'm sharing mine with you now," The corruption spoke more. "Our minds will merge for a time. You are a perfect host so of course I would opt to share myself with you. Open your mouth. Take yourself into you."

Parisa looked forward and saw her dresser mirror staring back at her. She could see how perfect she was, see her white hair gradually turn black, see the horns starting to poke out of her head marked with charcoal shaped black outlines as if she were pulled from the brimstone. She spread her legs and let her heavy beastly nuts hang. Her lifted her toned legs and thrust her hips forward and let the natural curl of her cock beckon it to where it belonged right between her tits.

Her black lips spread as the red reached her face. Her tongue grew longer and longer and forked at the end. Her tongue swirled around the tip and graced across the slit slurping some of the pre out. She had never tasted herself before as a human, considered it gross and weird, but as a growing spire of perfection, as a fucking goddess placed here on the mortal realm like a scorch mark after a lightning strike, she couldn't consider how she tasted as anything but perfect. To spill her seed, even the little sugary drips of early excitement, would be like wasting gallons of ambrosia. Her nuts churned loudly as they filled, her mind churning just the same as the line between her and the corrupt spirit vanished entirely.

"I'm so perfect~" She spoke to the mirror and her reflection nodded. Her head bobbed down and her mouth swallowed the first few inches of her cock. Up and down... she thrust into her own mouth. Both of her hands squeezed her cock at the base and slowly lifted to the rhythm, urging her arousal to keep rising higher and higher. It felt so good but she needed more.

She stood up from her bed as a strange feeling struck her. She fell forward and threw her hands against the mirror as her bubbly ass was joined by a new companion, a beautiful spade tail sprouting out from her. Her tail slapped her ass and she lifted her head to watch it jiggle in the mirror. Her cock throbbed at the sight of her own body. Venom boiled in her blood and it was everything she wanted. She threw herself back on to the bed. Her tail swam like a shark down beneath the covers and returned with a dildo.

Legs up~ Back on the mattress~

She thrust up against her tits and used her elbows to push her tits together around the big meaty cock. Her tail used the toy to push into herself, swirling around happily and squirming, using her own pre from her cock as lubricant. Oh, how decadent, *how terrible, you really are full of yourself~*

Thrust thrust thrust and... At last she came. Seed poured over her mouth across her neck and filled the nape and then poured further out over her shoulders. More and more pouring from her and swelling outward on to the bed. The demoness slowly lifted herself from her bed and admired the mirror. She squeezed her new body and gave such a wicked grin. However... when her eyes went to the wardrobe she felt a tinge of disappointment.

The glass door to the coffee shop opened. Tracy lifted her head from writing a name on a cup with a marker and her jaw dropped. "PARISA?!"

"Heya Tracy!" Parisa was wearing a tan ktop that her nipples showed through very obviously and shorts that struggled to even sort of hide the fact she had a dick big enough to suck herself. Also she had bright red ketchup colored skin and glowing black and yellow eyes. "Your shoes merged with me so I'm a demon now, so wrong shoes. I wanted the temporary ones you were talking about."

"Are you kidding me?! I gave you the wrong ones?"

"Yeah," Parisa climbed on top of the counter and shamelessly squeezed her bulge while snatching the coffee from her friend's hand. Sip. "Oh nice, finally some normal people. Mocha is the good shit. Yeah, I need some new clothes for the concert too. Don't think I can blend in looking like this. And then we're even~"

"Fine..." She began to walk over to the back room when she noticed she left her Switch 2 on the counter.

"Oh, did you get the new Switch?" Parisa asked.

"Huh? Um, yeah. Why do you ask?"

“What game do you have on it?”

“Oh,” Tracy grabbed it and unlocked the screen. “I just bought Hollow Knight: Silksong—”